

SERIAL  
STORYThe  
Isolated  
ContinentA Romance of the  
FutureBy  
Guido von Horvath  
and Dean HoardCopyright, 1918, by W. G. Chapman in the United  
States and Great Britain.

## SYNOPSIS.

For fifty years the continent of North America had been isolated from the rest of the world by the use of Z-rays, a wonderful invention of Hannibal Prudent. The invention had saved the country from foreign invasion, and the continent had been united under one government with Prudent as president. For half a century peace and prosperity reigned in this part of the world. The story opens with Prudent critically ill. His death is hastened by the receipt of a message from Count von Wergringen of Germany that he has at last succeeded in penetrating the rays. Dying, he warns his daughter Astra that this means a foreign invasion. He tells her to hurry to the island of Cynith, but dies before he can tell the location of the place.

## CHAPTER II.—Continued.

One of them, noticeable for his tall, upright figure, clear eyes and bronzed face, hastened to the helioboard; he was followed by a short man, whose rotundity more than made up for his lack of height. The tall man with the bronzed face eagerly watched the sparkling news, as he had been cut off from any form of communication on the Tube Line for fourteen hours. The sparks at that moment were printing some uninteresting commercial news, but soon the following notice appeared:

"The cremation of the ex-President, Hannibal Prudent, will be held at 4:00 p. m. Thursday."

"Too late!" whispered the stranger sadly, removing his hat. "Friend Santos, we are too late. How happy, how contented he would have been had he received the news I wanted to give him personally before he left." He took the arm of his friend. "Come, Santos, we have some hard work in store."

They took the elevator to the aerostation of the depot, where they boarded the south-bound aero bus. A few minutes later they landed at the race of the American Hotel.

The same morning Astra received several committees offering their sympathies and condolences. When the last one had gone she sank exhausted on a couch. She had rested but a moment when a servant brought in a card. She sighed wearily and made a motion of dissatisfaction when she read the name "Ambrosio Hale."

The man was admitted. As he entered he bowed deeply before the weary girl who stood there in her black gown, looking like an angel of sorrow. The exquisite face had taken on a new beauty through her affliction, which the newcomer quickly noticed.

"I have come, my poor, suffering girl, as a friend of your father. During these days of sorrow your woman's heart needs the aid of a strong man. Your father honored me with his intimate friendship, and I want to offer you my services."

"Thank you very much, Mr. Hale. Your kindness touches me. It is good to know that there are friends upon whom I can count during these sad days. My beloved father, however, made such far-reaching arrangements that I hardly think there is any need of your assistance. But I thank you with all my heart."

With these words she offered her hand to Hale, who retained it in his grasp greedily.

"I also want to tell you something confidential, my dear Astra. The Continental Club feels that this coming election will bring the long expected event—that is, the nomination of the first woman President. And the eye of the Continental Club rests on you!"

Astra smiled serenely. "Should the country select me for its executive, I shall be glad to serve, and I will do my best to carry out the plans formed by my father for the furtherance of the United Republics."

She looked at the man whose ferret-like eyes could not leave her face, whose thick lips were parted, showing a row of gleaming teeth. In spite of his handsome appearance Astra had long ago discovered some bestial trait in him, and had often wondered how her father could extend his friendship to such a man. These thoughts flitted through the brain of the girl, then an afterthought came and she asked:

"Mr. Hale, can you give me any information in regard to a place I cannot find?"

"I will do my best, my dear Astra," said Hale, as Astra hesitated.

"Do you know a town, a district, village or any other place by the name of 'Cynith'?"

Mr. Hale thought for a moment, then admitted that he had never heard of the place.

Astra felt some satisfaction. As Hale left the crystal palace, he met the tall, bronzed man who had arrived on the fourteen-hour limited from San Francisco that morning, on the broad stairway that led up to the main entrance. He eyed the sunburnt athletic man curiously; the man, notwithstanding his modish style of dress, looked a stranger.

In the hall, he handed his card to the waiting servant without a word. The servant looked at it and saw but one name:

"Napoleon Edison."

As the stranger had no appointment, Astra told the servant to advise him that she could not receive anyone until Thursday evening, after the cremation of her father's earthly remains.

Edison shook his head somewhat impatiently.

"If you say it is her wish not to see me until Thursday evening, I must wait notwithstanding the importance of my mission."

He turned, left as hurriedly as he came. His whole being seemed surcharged with energy.

Napoleon Edison met his short friend Santos on the roof garden before the hourly stylograph. The round, ruddy cheeked man was watching the helioboard with interest. He enjoyed the great city immensely, and at that moment he was laughing heartily at the comic section shown on the board. The newspaper was reproducing some funny pictures made by a Chicago artist in the early days of the twentieth century. "I have never seen such amusing brain products in my life," he said.

Edison smiled at the amusement of the man he called Santos. Taking his arm, he led him to the elevator. This time they went to the subway tube and, after making some inquiries of the guard, Edison bought two tickets for New York. It took two hours for them to make the journey between Washington and New York.

After they left the train, the two elbowed their way through excited and mourning crowds. Santos could hardly keep pace with the long strides of Edison. They turned into Forty-second street from the avenue and hurried into the Hippodrome, an immense, but very old structure, a relic of the nineteenth century.

The continental party had gathered in this building and a somewhat stout woman was speaking when the two strangers entered. The audience listened to the woman with intense attention; her pleasant, strong contralto voice filled the great hall and she brought out important points in her address with decisive strokes.

Edison and Santos stroked and listened.

"To whom do we owe all these blessings? To whom must we give thanks for the thousands of other things that add comfort to home life, travel and national existence? To whom but the man whose soul has left the clay and entered the land of peace: Hannibal Prudent, ex-President of the United Republics of America."

"I know that many of the sectionists and internationalists say we are isolated from the countries that gave us our ancestors; I know that the sectionists think the isolation was an outrage against our further development in art, literature and science. They think those things, but we continentalists know differently."

"It is true no Italian singers can be imported to please the ears of the wealthy; it is true that we cannot add ancient pictures to our collections of masterpieces; it is true that the yachts of our rich cannot make a tour of the Mediterranean; but compare our losses with our gains!"

"Since the isolation we have created our American art! Does not that alone pay for our isolation?"

"Our singers sing the airs of our country; our artists paint pure, beloved objects and scenes known to all of us."

"Look at our magnificent, lofty architecture, our terraces and roof gardens at our reversible street covers, at the swinging gardens, tube and aerial roads. These are our own—"



Astra Had Long Ago Discovered Some Bestial Trait in Him.

these are not influenced by foreign education. We created them ourselves."

She stopped for a moment, stretched out her shapely arm and continued:

"Before the isolation of our continent, we were a mixture of all the nations of the world; today we are a nation complete in ourselves. There are no English, Irish, Dutch, German, Italians or Spaniards left. These nationalities have merged and produced the citizen of America."

Her voice sank lower and vibrated with emotion.

"A new item has sparkled through the country, a bit of news even more heart-breaking than the news of the departure of the greatest man our country has produced. I mean the news that our stronghold is near its breakdown, that European scientists have discovered the way to invade our

isolation. I pray that the news is untrue, but should it be true, then we will have to prepare for defense."

"Compatriots, true citizens! Who can fill the executive chair more satisfactorily than the one who, throughout her whole life, has been prepared for it? I call to you and ask you to give your best judgment for the cause and with one heart and one thought nominate for the continentalist candidate the daughter of Prudent, Astra Prudent—"

Here she was interrupted by a heavy voice thundering:

"No female rule for me."

That was all he could say, as his voice flattened out behind a healthy slap delivered resoundingly on the disturber's mouth. The hand and arm that administered this rebuke belonged to Napoleon Edison. With a strong jerk he turned the surprised man toward the door and he was carried on and on as if he were a wreck being tossed by stormy waves. When order was restored, the speaker continued:

"With all my heart I trust Miss Prudent will be the nominee of the continentalists. Those who agree with me, kindly stand up!"

As one body the audience rose and 50,000 voices thundered "Hurrah! for the continental nominee!"

Then the oratrix sat down.

Astra, in her own room in the crystal palace, saw and heard through the electro-stylograph the whole proceedings of the New York continental party in the Hippodrome. She had raised her hand to disconnect her machine when a man from the audience asked for the right to speak.

According to the rules of the party, all who desired had the right to make an address, so this request was readily granted. Since no one asked for this man's name, it was not disclosed. He walked calmly forward, closely followed by a short, fat man who stopped only when his tall friend mounted the platform. This tall man was dressed in a gray traveling suit, instead of mourning, but on his arm was a broad black band.

All the attention of the great audience was centered on the athletic figure and the sunburnt, frank face of the young man. Astra's instrument showed these details to her as plainly as if she were sitting in one of the boxes, and she was thrilled as his eyes seemed to look straight into hers.

"Ladies and Gentlemen," he began. "I have a message to deliver to the political party in which I believe; do not ask me how I happen to be the instrument that was selected to convey this message to you, but I beg of you to seriously consider my words."

"You have all heard or read about the warning that came to our dear dead, the ex-President, Hannibal Prudent."

There was silent emotion in his voice when he mentioned that name. "That warning is only too true. Our enemies, defeated fifty years ago, have found a way to break through our isolation; they have spent these fifty years planning revenge! We can, through Hannibal Prudent's efforts, put off their invasion for one year, which will give us a little time to prepare for defense. Continentalists, my brothers in conviction, spread strength and faith through the mighty land, as God has given us, just as he did fifty years ago, a man to liberate this country from the oppressor's hand. God, in his infinite goodness, has given us another instrument to repel the storming enemies."

His voice filled the great hall; his words were convincing through the sincerity of the orator.

As he opened his mouth to speak again, the large helioboard began to show many colored zig-zag sparks and the audience watched it in apprehension; the whole atmosphere was charged with an inexplicable feeling of expectation. Not a person moved until the man on the platform stepped quickly down to the operating table of the electro-stylograph and adjusted the instrument into the right receiving socket. The sparking ceased and blurred, but discernible, a picture appeared.

As the audience stared the pictures became somewhat clearer and they saw what appeared to be tremendous sea monsters lying immovable on the bosom of the ocean. The huge bulks of metal, showing unknown forms of warfare, were pointed menacingly at the silent audience, which was representative of the fifty years just past; the comparison showed clearly that the science and genius of the Europeans had only produced a perfection of death-dealing instruments, while the Americans had advanced in science, art, literature and a general development of the human race.

The great audience, which had been so enthusiastic, now sat as motionless as a bird that has been charmed by a snake, intently watching the wonderful picture that moved and changed incessantly; huge airships of an improved type, resembling the old style Zeppelin, glittered brightly, as they moved with ponderous grace.

Every conceivable form of mono and bi-plane came gliding by; and each and every form of locomotion carried unmistakable signs of their destiny—a machine of destruction.

As the pictures vanished a sigh issued from every heart and a rustle of relaxation stirred the multitude. Many turned toward the platform, hoping to see the man who had last spoken, but he was gone.

By the time the people who had been favored by a sight of the enemies' destructive forces, began to leave the hippodrome, that young man was on his way to the capital. He was none other than Napoleon Edison.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Daily Thought.

Keep well thine tongue and keep thy friend.—Chaucer.

Temperance  
Notes

(Conducted by the National Woman's  
Christian Temperance Union.)

## THIS FROM "COLLIERS'".

In a few years the statisticians ought to have some curves showing what no booze really means to our big cities. Under decent and good government the results are startlingly similar. For example, here are Seattle and Birmingham in opposite corners of the United States, different in almost every detail of racial make-up, business interests, etc., but both telling the same "dry" tale. About one-half as many arrests, fewer murders and suicides, but more bank clearings, less fire and more building, increased trade and emptied jails—such are a few of the items. The drug problem is easier because whisky hasn't done any subsoil plowing for it. These facts, and more like 'em, are noted by such papers as the Manufacturers' Record and by keen business men who wonder now why on earth they ever thought prohibition would hurt business. (Probably they had read it in the liquor ads!) The sameness is tiresome except to those who like to note social progress, and to the unfortunate women and kids who sometimes wonder drearily how long it will be before their homes, too, are in out of the wet.

## WHICH SHALL WE BELIEVE?

The liquor interests continue to send broadcast false statements concerning conditions in dry states. This is one of them:

"In Colorado 55,000 were rendered jobless by prohibition; they glutted the labor market; industrial conditions became chaotic; wages were reduced; thousands were thrown on public charity."

The Colorado state labor commissioner, Mr. Alex Swanson, thus replies:

"Prohibition did not make 55,000 jobless. When the 2,000 Colorado saloons closed some 10,000 persons were affected. This number included bartenders, porters, waiters, brewery workers, etc. They were quickly assimilated in other lines. There was no glutting of the labor market. Our great trouble has been to get men enough for the jobs. Wages have not been going up. Thousands were not thrown upon public charity. Perhaps a few saloon hangers-on were, who would not work anyway. You will always find such in any town. There are more demands for men to fill the jobs since prohibition than there are men to fill the jobs."

## WHY GRANGERS ARE DRY.

"The answer is easy to give," says Mr. L. J. Tabor, master of the Ohio State Grange, explaining why the farmers are active in the fight for state-wide and nation-wide prohibition. "The grange is a constructive forward-looking organization. The first plank in the grange platform is not more money for the farmer, but better men and women on the farms and in America. This high purpose leaves but one course of action that the grange could possibly take in a moral issue. It must be on the right side of the question."

"The grange, state and national, is for absolute prohibition, not for fanatical or sentimental reasons, but because common sense and the cold facts in the case conclusively demonstrate that while the saloon is the greatest enemy of the church and the home, it is also a great enemy of rural progress, of national development and the best things in life."

## CRIME AND ALCOHOL.

In granting probation to offenders, California courts require that the defendant shall, during the probationary period, "absolutely and totally refrain and desist from the use of intoxicating liquors in any form." If this provision could come before the man committed crime, would it not act as a preventive?

## LIQUOR GETS NO JOBS.

No man ever held a job because of his capacity to use liquor, and no man was ever given one because he was fond of John Barleycorn. Workers will have to realize this, and their realization of it will be for their betterment.—California Liberator.

## DRINK.

No reputable life-insurance company considers the drinking man a good risk. The expectation of life for a young man of twenty addicted to drink is 18 years, while that for an abstainer at the same age is 44 years.—Rev. L. A. Crandall, Baptist, Minneapolis.

## NEW SLOGAN.

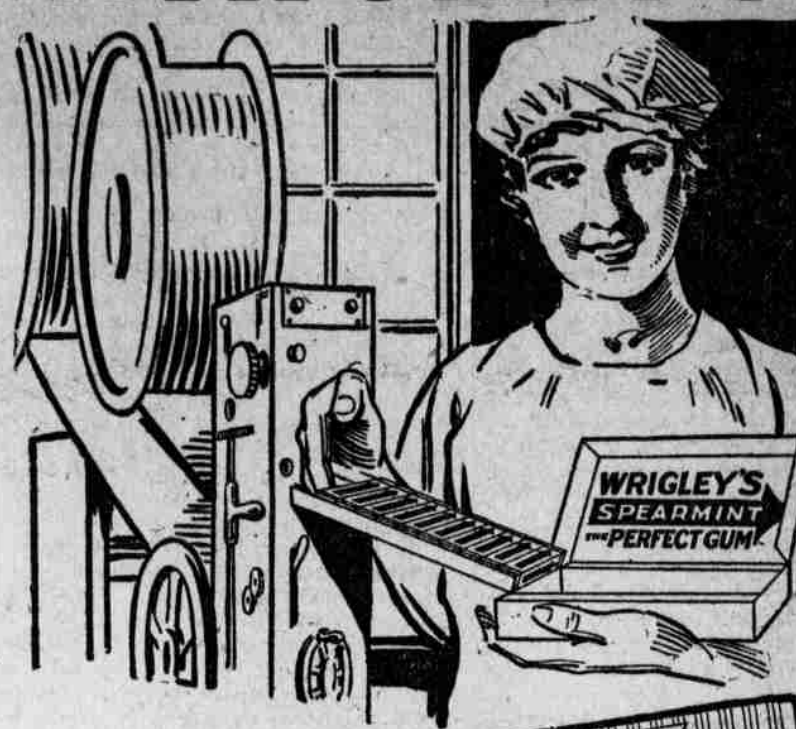
"Beer and whisky,  
They're a curse;  
We drink water,  
Safety first."

## THE NATION'S GOING DRY.

There are now 25 prohibition states. The District of Columbia is dry by act of congress. Alaska is dry by a 2 to 1 vote of the people ratified by congress. Including the dry territory in wet states, more than 87 per cent of the area of the United States and more than 60 per cent of the population are under prohibition.

Eight states are in submission campaigns. At least two of these will vote on the question in November of this year, the others in 1918. Ohio is in a wet and dry fight.

## WRIGLEY'S



Made by machinery—  
filtered—safe-guarded in  
every process:

Factories inspected by  
pure food experts and  
highly praised:

Contented employes, of  
whom perfection is the pride:

Such is WRIGLEY'S—the  
largest selling gum in  
the world.

Helps appetite and digestion.  
Keeps teeth clean—breath  
sweet.



## The Flavor Lasts

## How He Won Them.

"So your boy's going in for war?"  
"Yea, he is."  
"What branch of the army is he in?"  
"Cavalry."  
"And has he won his spurs?"  
"He has that. He went downtown and got a pair and had 'em charged to me."—Yonkers Statesman.

Every cheerful thought points the way to another.

## False Pretense.

"Bill says he would like to enlist, but he would be rejected on account of his teeth."  
"Merely an excuse. He hasn't got any."

There is no use in worrying, but what difference does that make?

Hankow, China, has 58 registered automobiles.

## SAXON

Strength—Economy—Service

This Car Is Worthy  
of Your Confidence

You can buy a Saxon car secure in the knowledge that you are getting full value in tried and proven motor car mechanism.

Saxon cars are built to win the confidence of their owner—and they do. But first they must win the confidence of their builders—and this they could not if they embodied any feature or any part of unproved worth.

So no Saxon principle of construction has ever been changed until a better principle has fully proved its greater value. And so no Saxon car has ever embodied features of doubtful worth.

Saxon cars have simply been in a state of transition, passing thru phase after phase of gradual improvement without a break in production. They are refined from time to time, not radically changed.

They are in the fullest sense of the phrase, products of evolution. They are developed rather than built.

Isn't that the kind of a car you want—one that you can feel confident is right before you put down your good money for it? If it is, then you want a Saxon.

There is still some good territory open for Saxon Dealers. For information you should apply to

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